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rules prohibiting sideline coaching, then we need a new rule barring them absolutely from the field of play. And why shouldn't they be barred? In track athletics no coach or trainer is allowed on the field; the competitor must win or lose on his own merits.

RUSSIA WINS ALLIES' GREATEST VICTORY

The Taking of Przemysl May Prove One of the Really Decisive Events of the War—Collapse of Austro-German Winter Campaign.

By FRANK H. SIMONDS Author of "The Great War."

IN TAKING Przemysl the Russians have achieved by far the greatest allied triumph on the offensive side since the war began. It may easily turn out one of the really decisive victories of the whole conflict, coming as it does at a moment when Austrian fortunes are fast waning and Austrian neighbors are partitioning Hapsburg provinces as a preliminary to joining the fray.

Like the fall of Antwerp, which it naturally recalls, the surrender of Przemysl solidifies the position of an invader in a conquered province. Against 10,000 square miles of conquered Belgium is now to be set more than twice as large an area in Galicia. But the German achievement, thanks to the intrepidity of the Belgian army, was devoid of considerable military consequences, while the Russian conquest seems bound to have far-reaching effects.

Antwerp Comparatively Unimportant

To the armies of the Czar Przemysl was a far more serious menace than Antwerp was to the Kaiser's armies. The Belgian fortress was on the flank of the German communications and could be contained by a small force. But Przemysl is squarely on the main trunk railroad between Lemberg and Cracow and the centre of several branch lines and of various highways.

Thus, while the city held out, Russian armies in Galicia were compelled to detach corps to deal with the unconquered fortress in their rear, and their lines of communication were broken by the Austrian garrison's command of highways and railroads vital to the invaders and commanded by the heavy artillery of the Przemysl forts.

Looking back over the progress of the siege, it will be seen how great was the value each side attached to Przemysl. In September, when the Russians swept west along the Lemberg-Cracow railroad after their great victories, Przemysl was first invested.

Today all Galicia east of the Dunajec and north of the Pruth is in Russian hands and the Slav frontier has touched the Carpathians, perhaps permanently.

Weather Intervenes

This represents a complete failure not merely of the Austrian, but of the German winter campaign in the east. From the attack on Liege to the defeat on the Yser and about Ypres the main German effort was directed at France, the chief purpose of German strategy being to crush France, dispose of her and turn to the Russian frontier with free hand.

After the defeat in Flanders, Germany was compelled to deal with Russia. Weather conditions, which now made grand operations impossible in the west, might be expected to favor such effort in the east. Frozen marshes, solid roads, ice-covered rivers, all would favor an attempt to obtain a decision in Poland, now a similar undertaking had failed in France and Belgium.

Unfortunately for the Germans, the weather failed them. Napoleon was ruined by an early Russian winter. William II suffered by an open winter which turned the whole country about Warsaw into a bog and thwarted the most gigantic combination of military history. At Lodz the Russian army was within two steps of annihilation. The defeat of the Masurian Lakes laid the whole northern frontier of Poland open. But mud and marsh spoiled the best laid plans of German commanders.

Gathering the Spoils

What is most important is the fact that all the tremendous efforts of Germany in Poland and East Prussia have not relieved the pressure upon the Austrians. Despite all temptations, reverses, disasters, the Russians have held fast to their position along the Carpathians, have been able to keep their grip on Przemysl and have now captured it. This capture spells the final defeat of the German winter campaign in the east. At the close it is Russia, not Germany, that is gathering the spoils.

The fall of Antwerp relieved a German army, which pushed rapidly forward to reach the Channel ports. The taking of Przemysl released an even greater Russian army. To what point it will be directed is a matter of conjecture. If it is transported directly west toward Cracow it may drive the Austrians west of the Dunajec in upon Cracow and threaten the front of the whole Austro-German force in Poland from the Nida to the Bzura. This is the plan that is generally expected and may easily compel the evacuation of Poland.

On the other hand, this force, more than 100,000 strong, may be sent due south to the Carpathians. With its arrival Austrian forces along the Carpathians would probably have to go back over the mountains and once more a Russian host would sweep down into the Hungarian Plain, this time freed from any apprehension for their communications.

Finally, the army which has taken the last Galician fortress east of Cracow may be sent south into Bukovina to complete the reconquest of this crown land and by a subsequent invasion of Transylvania persuade the wavering Rumanians to cast their lot with the enemies of the two Kaisers. Whichever of these three courses is followed, it must be that the consequences will be grave for the Austro-German alliance.

The Moral Effect

But whatever the military consequence, the moral effect of the Russian success cannot be exaggerated. It is sweet solace to the nation which was defeated at Lodz and the Masurian Lake. It gives additional emphasis to the sound of the Anglo-French artillery before the Dardanelles. It will awaken new and uncomfortable echoes alike in Ballplatz and Wilhelmstrasse. Not less momentous will be its influence in Rome, in Bucharest, in Athens.

A few weeks ago German press bureaus announced that Russia had been beaten to her knees, her strength exhausted, and was ready to abandon the struggle. The Russian answer comes as a rude demonstration of the futility of such claims. Przemysl will be in Russian history a fair counterpoise to Fort Arthur; the most considerable Russian success in Europe since Plevna.

In estimating the importance of the victory, the world audience will forget the gallantry of the defense. Yet the little known now of the siege points toward a devotion, a gallantry, a popular determination which may be long mentioned in history. Weeks ago the garrison sent back the defiant message: "We will eat our shoes." Six months of resistance in present times must excite admiration on all sides. Antwerp fell in twice



as many days. A city and a province have been lost, but not by any lack of gallantry on the part of the defenders.

Yet above and beyond all else Przemysl will stand as one more landmark in the decline of Austro-German fortunes. The summer campaign ended in disaster at the Marne and the Yser. The winter campaign collapses with the fall of Przemysl.

CARD INDEX OF ARGUMENTS

From the New York Evening Post Saturday Magazine.

The Suffragist—"If women had the vote there would be no speculators to raise the price of bread."

The Anti-Suffragist—"If women baked their own bread there would be no speculation in prices."

"I quote these lines from an anonymous writer, not because they are convincing, but because they are brief."

If ever the need of disarmament presented itself as acute, it is the need of reducing the vast armament of pro-suffrage and anti-suffrage debates. The case on both sides was exhausted years ago. All that can possibly be said has been said. Special suffrage numbers of the newspapers are a warning to the spirit. Can't Pro and Anti be condensed, codified, classified and numbered? So that Pro may say, "I advance argument number 23," and Anti can say, "I retort with argument number 154, subdivision (c)?" It is a decided relief when suffrage debaters lose their heads, forget their arguments and begin to call names.

IMPORTED WORDS

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

In deprecating the use of foreign terms by writers of war news, G. W. E. Russell echoed a protest made over a century and a half ago. The writer of a pamphlet published in 1735 complains that the English are continually importing words from France. "As he was in the service of the French, Marshal Saxe might be excused for writing 'coup de main' and 'manoeuvre'; but we cannot see what apology he can make for writing 'lequel' and 'lequel' by head and shoulders without the least necessity, as 'sudden stroke' might have done for one, and 'a proper motion' for the other. 'Reconnoitre' is another favorite word in the military way, and as we cannot find out its true meaning, we may as well leave it alone."

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—The religious vaudeville pantomime show of "Billy" Sunday has been quite an attraction to many people into it, who, said to say, became no wiser. Many of the remarks of the speaker are really disgusting, frivolous and irrelevant, and strange to say, they really have not the courage to speak their disapproval, of the so-called sermons and remarks of "Billy."

But he is a false prophet. Christ gives the warning in about these words: "Beware of false prophets that come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves." Now, "Billy" is one of them; for he has shown the wolf's pelt in his ferocious attack on others who do not think as he does. Where is his Christianity in that? Have not others a right to think for themselves, as well as he thinks for himself? He has given no fixed doctrine which he can declare is the true one.

He speaks in a very superficial manner for all conflicting sects and denominations in doctrine and tenets, except a few which he mentioned, and has shown he has a shallow and superficial idea of a concrete doctrine. If I wanted to preach him as a teacher, I want him to tell me which church to go to. If he can tell me which of the denominations he was speaking for and which is the true and certain one, and he will prove it, I will join it. That is a nut for him to crack.

His egotistical, haughty and vulgar and vulgar are certainly a vaudeville and sensational exhortation of a change to a religious life, and his mob vulgarity will not inspire one with true reverence for religion, but the opposite, and that is superficiality. * * * LEONARD STADLER, Philadelphia, March 20.

A MATTER OF AMUSEMENT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—The closing sentence of an editorial in your paper of the 16th inst., "There is already little except prejudice left for them (suffragists) to overcome," would be amusing were it not so absurd. The complexities of the "suffrage" problem are, however, summarily cleared up by the astounding intellect of your editorial writer, and we, who are not in agreement with his views, hold our tongues through "prejudice." Congratulations, fellow members of that "prejudiced" majority opposed to "suffrage," that we shall no longer have to exercise our intellectual functions; all problems will be determined by the gifted editorial writer of the EVENING LEDGER. A. R. SMITH, Glenide, March 17.

HELPING PHILADELPHIA

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—On behalf of the Poor Richard Club, I wish to thank you for your editorial of yesterday, commending the action of Froyd Smith in offering, through the Poor Richard Club, the buildings of the University of Pennsylvania for the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World in 1915. This is the kind of "boasting" that will help Philadelphia and the kind of writing appreciated by all who are aiming at higher ideals in advertising. President Poor Richard Club, Philadelphia, March 13.

EUROPE'S SPRINGTIME

month's Century (3), drawing a sharp distinction between the governing classes and the governed.

Russia is made up of two parts that have never fused and that never can fuse, for the sharpest is to a colony of corals. The real Russian people live almost unseparated under a foreign overlay, which has somehow got itself recognized among the nations as Russia, and which began to be deposited more than a thousand years ago, when Rurik, the Norseman, with his followers, came in and established themselves as rulers of the land. It is not generally known that the present house of Romanoff, which has held the sceptre for 300 years, is half German. We in America know something of the part played by George III, of the house of Hanover-Brunswick, in the oppression of the colonies, in opposition to the idealists of England, will understand something of what 300 years of Germanization has meant to the Russian people.

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

(1) Bookman—"Chronicle and Comment."

(2) Atlantic Monthly—"The Russians and the War."

(3) Century—"The Democratic Russians."

(4) Current Literature—"The Renaissance of Interest in Russian Literature."

(5) Outlook—"War Relief Work in Russia."

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS

"RUSSIA for mine," said a young war correspondent on a flying trip to New York recently. "Russia is the real story of this war, and I want to get back there and watch it happen." His feeling is echoed by the current magazines, all of which agree that "something big" is going to happen in Russia when the war ends.

They sense the waning of Russian autocracy. The Russian people, until now drugged by oppression and vodka, have been roused from their lethargy by the war. The old order is menaced by the new strength of the people's young, untamed virility. The shake-up produced by the war, the abolition of vodka, the probability that as a result of the war Russia will at last obtain possession of Constantinople, with the consequent stimulus to production and trade—these are some of the elements which promise to create a grand transformation in Russia.

A delightfully vivid description of Russian life by Stephen Graham in the Atlantic Monthly derives added interest from an account of the author in this month's Bookman (1):

Mr. Graham is the son of the editor of the English Illustrated Journal, Country Life. He bears a marked resemblance to Maxim Gorky. Seven years ago, when he was in early 20s, he gave up a good business post in London and went to Russia to find himself. He had but \$15 in his pocket when he started. He reached Moscow and there shared a room with two Russian students. He tramped about the Caucasus, slept under the stars and received hospitality from all kinds of queer people. The next year he joined the Russian pilgrims disguised as one of them, and traveled to Jerusalem. Later he joined a party of immigrants on their way to the United States, traveling with them in the steerage across the Atlantic to New York, and thence tramping to Chicago and the farms of the West.

Flies on the Cossacks.

Mr. Graham, writing of his adopted people in the Atlantic Monthly (2), described the Cossacks:

The Cossack is always a soldier. Every man has to serve in the army. When he is farming he is said to be "on leave." The village is not called a village, but a station, a stanitsa. No woman grudges her children to the war. War is the element in which they all live, and the maneuvers are so wild and fierce that many get killed in them, kill one another even, forgetting that they are only playing at war.

Their homes are neither comfortable nor clean—the homes of eagles rather than of men. Formerly robbers and border-riders of the wildest type, they are now bred, much as one might breed a type of horse for sterling qualities. The women are lazier than ordinary Russian peasant women and eat more and sleep more. As a fair companion of the road explained to me:

"It's the women who must be blamed for the dirt in their cottages. After dinner the women always lie down and fall asleep, and they leave all the dirty dishes on the table, and let the pigs and chickens come in and hunt for food." That is true. You enter the little room that is all in all of a home, and you find 50,000 flies buzzing over everything. Often of an afternoon I have entered a cottage in order to get milk and have found every one asleep, even the dog, who but opens one eye at the noise of my step. The baby lies in the swivel cradle and tosses now and then and cries a little. He would be almost naked were he not black with flies. The children keep picking flies off his body, and hurting him—that is why he cries. None the less, that baby will grow up to be a sturdy Cossack. And they seem none the worse for dirt and disorder, to judge from the fine young men we see.

Summing up the situation, Mr. Graham writes:

As nations go, Great Britain is like a man of 45, Germany like a man of 30, but Russia like a genius who is just 15. It is the young man that you find in Russia, original, full of mystery, looking out at a world full of color and holiness and passion and seriousness. Russia the silent one, silent for 25 years, and then silent for 10 years more, is either speaking now, or is about to speak. The spirit moves mysteriously in her. She begins to know that her time is at hand.

Edwin Schoonmaker, the American essayist and poet, author of a series of articles on Russia, writes of her democracy in this

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

month's Century (3), drawing a sharp distinction between the governing classes and the governed.

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For a long period, when the great mass of the peasantry were serfs upon the estates of the Russian nobility, the task masters upon these estates were Germans, who had been imported to write a larger return from the labor of these unfortunate people. And the record which they left in the land accounts in a very large measure for the enmity between the Slav and the German, which is finding new life in the present war. In the higher offices of the ministry, too, it has been the hand of the German that has set the Russian Government in opposition to the Russian people.

Tolstoy is the glorified Russian peasant, uttering his heart to the world from the cross of the ages. From this man alone, in modern times, has gone out the living conviction that peace and brotherhood are realities destined sooner or later to conquer the world. From this heart of the Russian people we see, like a saving spirit in the midst of blood and death, spreading out over the world that wide circle of democracy beyond which you cannot go.

Current Opinion translates from the Revue de Paris a tribute by Gustave Lanson, "the distinguished French savant," to this spirit of "Russian Humanity" (4):

Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Gorky, to cite but three names, wrote only in order to diminish human suffering. All their work is a crusade against evil, an invitation for all men to throw aside egoism, wickedness, hardness of heart. They pity the people, but without indulgence for its vices. They are severe toward the great and the wealthy, but without prejudiced calumny. Nothing in German literature, nor in any other literature, is comparable to this great wave of humanity with which the Russian novel has inundated Europe. Realism, naturalism for French writers used to mean pessimism, irony, cruelty. Goodness and idealism were ridiculous as the religion of the Roman Catholics. The Russians have revealed to us, have taught us anew, if you prefer, that one might be true, exact and close to life, that one was even truer, exact, closer to life in expressing pity, tenderness, and in a word, in being "human."

"It Is Cold in the Trenches."

That the source of the "humanity" in Russian literature is in the very hearts and lives of the peasantry, is illustrated by the touching stories told by George Kennan in the Outlook, of their response to appeals for help for the soldiery, and this in spite of their own destitution (5):

A myriad of collectors took the field in cities, towns and villages, carrying bags which bore the inscription, "It Is Cold in the Trenches." They went from house to house, collecting sheep skins and warm outer clothing for the soldiers, and the quantity obtained was so great that it nearly swamped the Government's facilities for reception and distribution. The peasants sometimes almost stripped themselves in order to send warm clothing to the cold trenches. A poor and aged peasant woman who was living alone, had nothing that she could give except a towel. She gave that, and then after the collector had left her log house, she called to him, hobbled after him, holding out a copper five kopeck piece (two and a half cents) said, "Here, take this, too. I was saving it for kerosene, but I can sit in the darkness."

TO THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Not of this fold, 'Tisne other sheep obey Thee. And follow on by paths we do not know. In the world, in other worlds, it may be, Which God can find, and where His true winds blow.

Free blow His winds, although our path is narrow: Warm shines His sun, although our hearts are cold; His heavens aid the fall of every sparrow; And all Thy sheep, O Christ, may find a fold.

One Shepherd's voice, on hills where dusk is falling; One flock beneath the sunlight and the sky; If any sheep has wandered from Thy calling, I pray Thee, Christ, it wander not too far.

So many folds! So many sheep-bells chimed! One fold at last; one Shepherd's eye! And anon that hardly know Thy voice of climbing To enter in, O Christ, the Open Door— Louis F. Benson, in The Independent.